

## BATH HOUSE ANNEX HAS REGULAR TUBS

French and American Officers Dedicate Popular Institution

### IN HONOR OF LAFAYETTE

Paint Makes Quadrangle of Adrian Barracks Look Like Swiss Chalet

In a little city somewhere back of the Lorraine line, a club of French and American officers dedicated not long ago to the memory of General Lafayette six shiny new porcelain bath tubs and two showers. The club barber acted as master of ceremonies and put the tubs into service by turning on all the hot water spigots.

"Officers came from 50 kilometers to attend," he relates. "By train and motor car. On foot! On mule-back! And by aeroplane!"

It is literally true that one French officer did arrive by aeroplane—and, of course, no one doubts the rest of the barber's story.

Though the club did not make the dedication of the bath house annex quite so impressive a ceremony as the housewarming given when the café and the dining room were opened, everyone around the place wears a smile of satisfaction when the annex is mentioned. For the Lafayette Club is now in every sense complete. All that remains to do is merely in the line of decoration—such details as gravel walks and flower beds and more pictures for the walls.

Where Paint Works Wonders

The club already is a fairly attractive place. No one would believe that a quadrangle of Adrian barracks could look so much like a Swiss chalet. A life paint and a dormer effect over the front entrance can work wonders with the outside of a wooden shack; a little linoleum, some sheets of composition board for the ceilings and a few rolls of wall paper can produce an equally pleasing result indoors. The club have a genius for this sort of thing.

An American is given credit for conceiving the idea. He was adjutant to a Yankee general billeted in the little city. He was a mixer, strong on the social instinct, and he tried to see the barrier of language standing in the way of friendship between Americans and French. He couldn't speak French himself, but he did the best he could to overcome obstacles by circulating around the cafés in the evening and speaking English very slowly and with appropriate gestures to friendly French officers. One word that he used a great deal everybody understood. It was "Lafayette." And from that sprang the club.

Lafayette Idea Takes

The French got to talking about him; then about his Lafayette. A lieutenant of French cavalry enlisted himself with the American and put in a requisition upon the division for an extra Adrian barracks to be used as a rendezvous for Franco-Americans. He got the shack and found a site for it on a vacant lot close to the town's hotel center.

At first, the club was little more than an officers' café. Its equipment was a few tables and chairs and a chifforon with some bottles on it.

The idea was quickly popular, and did so much to bring the allies together that in a few more weeks it was extended. An army architect was told to get to planning a dining room. The French lieutenant found a former chef to manage the table and experienced waiters to serve the food. Membership in the club took another boom.

The next thing that happened was that a need was expressed for a reading room and a writing room. That requisition was granted, too. The club began to extend after the fashion of dominoes on a table top.

Nucleus for Real Hotel

Today the dominoes form a quadrangle—cloak room and lavatory, café with an orchestra, dining room, kitchen, servants' quarters, reading and writing rooms, bath house, barber shop, and a modest beginning of a hotel—four small bed rooms.

The club has its own electric light plant, for the city is too small to possess such luxuries.

Literally the membership is, as the barber boasts, drawn from 50 kilometers around. Nearly 800 names are on the club rolls. There are no initiation fees, but the American officers, because their incomes are larger than those of the French, contribute one per cent a month on the amount of their pay checks.

Rarely does a Saturday night go by without a regimental or a battalion dinner or a get-together affair of some sort. Here the commander of a French group of armies has dined with General Pershing. Here a famous divisional farewell banquet was held.

Besides having created many friendships between American and French officers, the co-operative scheme has saved its members many a franc in vitualline bills. The club's 55 cent dinner is as good as Paris furnishes for nearly twice the money. A French sergeant, son of the proprietors of one of the most famous of Parisian hotels, is manager.

In a speech one night a Yankee major summed up the story in this wise:

"Nothing ever erected to Lafayette is more popular in France than this little quadrangle of Adrian—our Franco-American club. Here's a toast to it—may it be imitated in many another district!"

### A WASTED DAY

"Hell!" exclaimed Jimmy, lurching into the bill and throwing himself down on his bunk. "And hell again!"

"What's up?" chorused Al and Bill and Joe together.

"Hell!" reiterated Jimmy. "I was out here in the road when a regiment of Jocks went by, with their big tall bandmaster up ahead swinging his old baton like one of those magician guys in vaudeville, throwing it up in the air and catching it behind his ear and everything. Then they stopped, and as they were resting a little Jock got out and took up a stick and started in to imitate the bandmaster."

"While he was doing it, the big guy happened up behind him and looked down at him. I clustered, thinking I was going to hear some fine Gaelic cussing—I ain't heard any real good orginal cussing for a awful long time—and I thought here was my chance."

"Well, what's up?" chorused Al and Bill and Joe, all alert.

"Nothing, dammit!" snapped Jimmy. "My whole day was wasted! All the big guy said was —"

## CHOWING EN ROUTE TO THE LINE



(Photograph by S. G. A.E.F.)

### SMITH GIRL DRIVER TURNS TRAFFIC COP

Student Takes Full Charge of Road and Straightens Out Tangle

### CHAUFFEURS OBEY ORDERS

Self-Appointed M.P. Quits Post Only When Properly Relieved

The spectacle of a Smith college girl, standing in the center of a mass of jumbled traffic, waving motor lorries, camions, camionettes, staff cars and just plain Red Cross and Army flivvers to the right and left, keeping the road to the front open for the supply trucks on one side and for the cars rescuing the young and old from the invaded Somme district on the other, was one of the most striking of the many exhibited during the withdrawal in the face of the German offensive.

For several hours she stood there, turning confusion into orderliness, and quit her post only when she had exacted a promise from some officers that they would keep a man permanently at that cross-roads. Then she went back to her work of rescue.

The way it happened was this: The Smith College Relief Unit, which had its headquarters at Gisors, a little south of Nesle, got its personnel out of the threatened town during a night and a morning, and reported with its entire staff and all its motor cars for service in getting people out of the villages along the route of the withdrawal. Day and night the young girls of the unit drove their cars over roads swept by shells, getting civilians and wounded soldiers out of harm's way.

### Tangled in Two Convoys

At a cross-roads, one of their cars got tangled in two confused convoys, one of which was going forward with ammunition and supplies, the other coming down with wounded and refugees, and containing empty cars going back to be refilled. The Smith camionette was right in the center of the mixup, unable to make headway.

The girl chauffeur in charge of the camionette fretted under the delay. Traffic was at a standstill and time was precious. Finally, taking the law into her own hands, she plucked the American flag from the side of her car, hopped down from the driver's seat, and took her stand in the middle of the road.

In true traffic cop style she waved her "Go-go" and "Stop-stop" signals, halting the cars as they came upon her, demanding their mission, and giving their directions. Within a few minutes the two lines of convoys were straightened out and on their respective ways again.

The chauffeurs didn't have time to be amused by the unusualness of the spectacle; they were brought up short and told just what to do. The girl held her car over with her flag waving, and turned what had seemed to be a hopeless ballup into an orderly, double-track proceeding.

### MATCHES—AND MATCHES

It is violating no confidence to state that there are no good matches left in France. The sulphurous stinker, indigenous to the country, was never any good to begin with, except "for revenue only." Whenever you use it, you get a taste of hell half way up your smoke, and by the time you get beyond the half-way mark on your cigarette you're so sufficed mad you don't enjoy the non-sulphurized portion of it—no, not for a second. Consequently you never buy the stinkers unless there positively isn't anything else in sight—or rather, in smell.

When you have your back to the wall and simply have to buy the damned thing, you hold one at arm's length, after lighting it, let the blue flame die out, then dig your cigarette into it, drop the match quickly, hold your nose and exhale through the month. If you can do this without burning your palate out, you are assured of a fairly comfortable smoke, and may take in the next drag through your nose, if you are wicked enough to inhale. Most of the casualties resulting from the use of stinkers come from the victims being too eager to get a light, and plunging the cigarette into the blue flame. There is no sure way to save Fritz trouble in the matter of being gassed.

The near-English match, the one with the wax stick, isn't so much better. It's so little it's always getting lost in your pocket, if you carry it loose alongside the box, and the box itself is so small there really isn't room to strike it on. The wax match is supposed to be a longer burner than the ordinary wooden kind, but it shows the same fickle partiality to going out with the wind that the lumber stater does. Not even Irish blood will help you get a light with a near-English match; and if the Irish can't get fire out of the English—wow! Up to a fairly recent date, the only

satisfactory light to be had in France was from *des allumettes suédoises*—which is what you ask for when you want Swedish matches. When Swedish matches were good they were very good; just like those you got in the States, only they cost three times as much; but when they are bad—as they are now—they are horrid!

When the oldest of us first came here the Swedish butt-lighters were openly friendly. Then they became lukewarmly neutral. Now, alas! they are "deliberately unfriendly," for their heads break off while they are still ablaze and burn out whole acres on your thumb. Besides, they have a lighting ratio nowadays of only one in four. The stinker, which usually averages one in three, can better that.

It's a hard job, and a bad one, to get anything lighted and keep it lit over here. Before long we shall have to appoint brazier details to keep the charcoal smoldering for the whole outfit, and dispense with matches altogether.

### ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Investigated Manners

By BRAN MASH

With the number of investigators now at large in the fair land of France, the cultured and refined doughboy should deal discreetly. He should remember that nothing is more disconcerting than the truth, and should tell it accordingly whenever questioned. As this is the last thing that a good many of the investigators want, it usually throws them off their guard the first thing, leaving the doughboy to pursue the even tenor of his way.

Since the investigators have become so numerous, and since their questions all tend in the same direction, a code of etiquette in the answering of them has grown up. Below are appended a few sample questions, with the appropriate answers—each one of the latter guaranteed for a knockout.

Q.—How are you since your treatment?

A.—Oh, about as often as I can expect; more often after pay day.

Q.—Do you get enough to eat?

A.—Yes, when the mess sergeant isn't looking.

Q.—Do you smoke many cigarettes?

A.—Nope; there ain't that many in France.

Q.—Does your colonel drink?

A.—He never asked me to.

Q.—Do you find the work hard?

A.—Nope; it's awful easy to find it. They just wish it on to you.

Q.—Weren't you thrilled when you went up to the trenches?

A.—Yep, I borrowed half a rum ration off'n a Tommy.

Q.—Do you know what you're fighting for?

A.—Dumhupin! To lick Germans.

Q.—Is that all you're fighting for?

A.—Nope; I'm fighting for three squares a day and \$33 a month—but I rather lost out on the last part of it.

Q.—What do you think about the most?

A.—What's coming next.

### THOSE EDIBLE MATTRESSES

First Missouri Mule: They tell me you had Corporal Crapshooter's last month's bed for supper yesterday. How was it?

Second M.M.: Tasted fine, but all last night I dreamed I heard someone yell "Baby needs a pair of shoes!"

### Standard-Bearers of America!

You have come to the Home of

**Perrier**

The Champagne of Table Waters.

Delicious with lemon, sirop, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France.

DRINK IT TO-DAY

PARIS, 36bis Boulevard Hausmann

## WILLIAM ROSS LEIGH PAYS HIS RESPECTS

Regiment Finds Out Where Its Fresh Magazines Come From

Last August a certain A.E.F. regiment began to receive copies of maza-zines from America—not "Golden Days" from June 4, 1878, to April 7, 1882, but fresh, readable numbers of current publications, sent to France as soon as they were published and made available for the — Regiment as quick as the boat would bring them.

They were sent by one William Ross Leigh, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., and the boys were so grateful for them that Chaplain H. R. Talbot wrote a letter to William Ross Leigh thanking him for his kind work.

And who did William Ross Leigh prove to be? President of the Mount Vernon National Bank? Superintendent of the Mount Vernon Street Railway Company? A kindly old gentleman with so big a wad in the bank or the street railway company that sending fresh magazines was as easy as buying a box of matches on pay day?

No, he didn't. William Ross Leigh turned out to be a school boy of 13, a very bright school boy, judging by his letters.

"I received your letter yesterday morning," he writes the chaplain. "I am not flatterer, but you are a very nice looking man." The chaplain did not delete this, so it must be so.

William Ross Leigh is too young to fight, but that is obviously all that is keeping him out of it.

"I am spending all my money on thrift stamps," he says. "I have two five dollar War Saving Stamps and have a third book with six thrift stamps in it. I got ten dollars for an Easter present and I am going to spend most of it on thrift stamps."

"We all know that you're going to win," says William Ross Leigh.

### TOMORROW

Is the day when we Move up into the line. Come out of the line. Have French toast for breakfast. Get our laundry. Get our mail. Get paid.

**Military and Civil Tailors KRIEGER & CO.**  
23 Rue Royale.

## THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND

Jeaney, when the stars of evening Dot the distant skies of France, I sit by my camp fire longing For one more last glorious dance. And, Lucile, you were so lovely When I said my sad farewell, That I dreamed of your blue eyes, dear.

As I felt the ocean's swell, Diane, do you, too, remember How we motored up the bank Of the Hudson ere I started To yell "Front!" or "Rear!" or "Plunk!"

Though at times the States seem distant, And my folks 'most out of mind, I'm still true as tempered steel, Nan, To the girl I've left behind.

A. L. G., 1st Lt. O.D.U.S.R.

### HOW COULD THEY?

Private Simple: I've got a dandy idea—a machine gun that can shoot a thousand rounds a minute.

Corporal Brightguy: What good would it be? As soon as the Germans captured one, they'd build a million like it.

Private Simple: No, they couldn't. I'd get it patented.

## WHERE'S THIS BAGGAGE?

If you have seen in your travels a quantity of baggage consisting of two locker trunks, one bedding-roll inside a tan colored duffle bag, one Q.M. chest and one field desk, the lockers and bag marked Walter McBeth, M.R.C., you are in a fair way to earning \$25. Captain McBeth, who is at A.D.C. 731, will pay that amount, or its equivalent in francs, to the finder. "I want the baggage," he writes. "The money will be yours." The baggage was loaded by mistake with that of another organization which left at the same time that Captain McBeth did.

**HOTEL CONTINENTAL**  
3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

**J. COQUILLOT BOOT MAKER**  
Trench Boots, Riding Boots, Puttees and Aviators' Needs  
FURNISHER TO SAUMUR.  
75 Ave. des Champs-Élysées, PARIS.

**SHIRTS KHAKI COLLARS**  
A. SULKA & CO  
6, Rue Castiglione, (Opp. Hotel Continental) PARIS. 34 W. 34 Street, NEW YORK  
Mail orders executed.

## AMERICAN EXPRESS CO

11 Rue Scribe, PARIS  
TOURS: 8 Bd. Béranger. BORDEAUX: 3 Cours de Gourgues.  
HAVRE: 43 Quai d'Orléans. MARSEILLES: 9 Rue Beauvau.

## GENERAL BANKING FACILITIES

FOR AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

The COMPTOIR NATIONAL D'ESCOMPTE DE PARIS

will accept at its offices throughout France

REMITTANCES FOR UNITED STATES & CANADA

TO BE FORWARDED BY MAIL OR CABLE

FOR PAYMENT BY

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

**Two "hearts" with but a single wish, —MURAD.**

**MURAD**  
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE  
18 CENTS  
**MURAD**  
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE